Their seuerall counsailes they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall,
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayde to talke and greete.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs toot?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend speach render we no grace:
But while tis spoke each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the speakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they wel mockt depart away with shame. *Sound Trom.*
Boy. The Trompet soundes, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy with a speach, and the rest of the Lordes disguysed.

Page. *All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.*
Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Page. *A holy parcell of the fayrest dames that euer turnd their backes to mortall viewes.*
The Ladyes turne their backes to him.
Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.*
Out
Boy. True, out in deede.
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly spirites vouchsafe*
Not to beholde.
Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.
Page. *Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boyet. They will not answere to that Epythat.
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.

Rosa.

Rosal. What would these stranges?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they do speake our language, tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosa. What would they, say they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.
Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.
King. Say to her we haue measurd many miles,
To treade a Measure with her on this grasse.
Boy. They say that they haue measurd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.
Rosa. It is not so, Aske them how manie inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measured manie,
The measure then of one is easlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue measurde miles,
And manie miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berow. Tell her we measure them by weerie steps.
Boy. She heares her selfe.
Rosa. How manie weerie steps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duetie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauages) may worship it.
Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are cloudes, to do as such cloudes do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy Starrs to shine,
(Those cloudes remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Rosa. O vaine peticioner, begg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Moone shine in the water.
King. Then in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change,

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